

ROMANCE OF A COIN.

Chicago Man's Souvenir, Given to His Sweetheart in '62, Comes Back.

Thirty-seven years ago Maj. S. Richardson, of Rosalie court, in Woodlawn, enlisted in the Confederate army. One day lately came a strange sequel to the romance of his enlistment. Maj. Richardson is a southerner, and when he donned the gray uniform he parted from a southern girl who was his sweetheart, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Give me some trinket for a keepsake," he asked her.

She agreed to give him a keepsake if he would give one to her. Womanlike, she asked for a gift inscribed in his coat collar, which designated the young soldier's rank.

"No, I can't give you that," he replied, "but I'll make you a present of a 25-cent piece with my name stamped upon it."

The coin he gave her was dated 1844, and across one side was engraved "S. Richardson." From that day to this the major has never heard from his southern sweetheart. He came north after the war, and is now living in Rosalie court. A few days ago Maj. Richardson had a note from a bank in the city saying that there was a coin there with his name on it. Maj. Richardson came downtown post haste. The coin was dated 1844. It was the keepsake he gave his sweetheart 37 years ago. Maj. Richardson is married, and has several grandchildren.

SOAP SPOILS BEER.

Two Ounces of It Will Speedily Ruin a Million Dollars' Worth of Lager.

"Do you know that \$1,000,000 worth of beer could be utterly spoiled by two ounces of soap?" said a Madison avenue saloonist to a Cincinnati Enquirer man. "Well, it's a fact. A little pellet of soap—any kind of soap—dropped into a cask containing hundreds of gallons would knock the life out of it quicker than you could say Jack Robinson. The lye and the grease in the soap simply stops the fermentation of the beer, and it loses its effervescence at once. Some years ago a prominent brewing company of this town had 10,000 gallons of a particularly fine brew stored in its cellars. One day a member of the firm tapped one of the casks, and subsequently others, and discovered that they had 10,000 gallons of fluid that wasn't worth as much as so much water. Every gallon of it was as lifeless as canal aqua pura. A brewmaster who had a short time previous lost his position with the firm was suspected of the job, in revenge for his dismissal, but the brewing company had no proof, and, besides, the man might have been innocent. But there was every evidence that soap had been used."

HER HAND IS REBELLIOUS.

It Writes for Its Owner, But Not Exactly What She Means to Express.

"I would like to speak to your consulting librarian," said an anxious-looking woman to an attendant at the public library one day lately, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

She was informed that all of the employees are "consulting librarians," and she explained her troubles.

"I want to find out what ails my hand," she began.

"For several years a peculiar malady haunts me. I am a copyist by profession. I take up a pen to write, and it sets down things I never thought of or saw. I can't tell at all when I begin to write what I shall be made to say."

It was suggested to the woman that she might be a medium.

"No," she replied, stoutly. "I don't believe in supernaturalism. I want you to give me a book that may explain this complaint."

For days the woman has been devouring literature on hypnotism, science, spiritualism, and all sorts of isms.

"No, I haven't found it," she says, shaking her head, in answer to questions at the end of the day.

Told of the King of Spain.

A writer in the London Telegraph tells the following story about the king of Spain as throwing light on that royal lad's life: "One day, during his history lesson, the king asked his professor to tell him how Spain came to lose Chili, Mexico and other Spanish-American colonies. The story was narrated so thrillingly and artistically that the royal boy listened spellbound and continued after it had ended to sit absorbed in meditation. At last a thought having struck him, he looked up to his professor and inquired: 'What must I do in order to get back those countries for Spain?' 'The first and most important thing of all,' replied the cautious and diplomatic pedagogue, 'is that your majesty should—should—grow up to be a man. When you are a man—' 'H'm!' muttered the lad, disenchanted, 'when I'm a man it is not a history professor's advice that I shall be asking. I shall have a prime minister to tell me then.'"

Leopards.

Though the leopard will sometimes, as all readers of Mr. Selous' books know, break into a hut and kill a man at night, it is usually very much afraid of him by day. A noted hunter has himself more than once beaten a leopard to death with his stirrup when he had no other weapon handy.

Valuable Cargo of Rubber.

Recently a ship of only 2,500 tons carried from Para, Brazil, to New York, a cargo of rubber which was insured for \$3,000,000.

Fiji's All Christianized Now.

Fifty years ago there was not a Christian on the Fiji islands; now there is not a heathen.

FISH IN THE SNOWBANKS.

A Most Unique But Welcome Sort of a Snowslide Among Norwegian Mountains.

A snow avalanche with very unusual results is reported from Norway. It gave the people of Christiania something to talk about for a week. The unique phenomenon occurred among the low mountains back of the capital on March 13. There had been an extraordinary fall of snow, and then came a big thaw, which melted a great deal of the ice in the little Lilledal river. A very large number of fish had their home in this stream, and what happened to them is the unusual feature of this avalanche, says the New York Sun.

In the night a large mass of snow on the hills on one side of the stream slipped from the slopes and glided with great velocity down into the river. The face of the avalanche was about a mile in length, and for that distance it slid into the river, not sharing the river bed with the water, but violently ejecting the stream and the fish living in it.

The force of that concussion must have been very great, for the water and fish were hurled hundreds of feet. Next morning the people were very much surprised to find, high on the slopes of the hills bordering the other side of the valley, a great number of fish scattered over the snow. For some days there was a most unusual sort of fishing in progress. Men, women and children were floundering about in the snow gathering the fish in baskets, and the people living along the valley had all the fish they could eat without baiting a hook.

NOT A FAIR TEST.

For the Victim of Rabies Died from the Treatment on the Fifth Day.

They were talking about hydrophobia and rabies. One of the party was a well-known Philadelphia physician, says the Chicago Evening News. He listened quietly to the quasi-scientific theories of the others, and when they had quite finished, one of them said:

"What have you got to say about it, doctor?"

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "I would not exactly like to say what my opinion is. I might be misinterpreted; but I will tell you, if you like, how the disease was treated 100 or 200 years ago. At that time hydrophobia, in common with every other obscure disease, was thought to be the work of a devil, and all sorts of queer tricks were resorted to to drive him out. There is on record a case which occurred at Colchester, in England. It was a woman who had been bitten by a rabid dog. The cur was killed, of course, and the treatment of the woman was in keeping with the period. She was placed in a bath of tepid water up to her neck and ducked seven times, each time being kept under so long as she could hold her breath. This was to be repeated every seven hours for seven days, she being fed on milk only during the treatment. Unfortunately, she died on the fifth day, but the doctor gravely remarked that it was a pity, for if she had held out two days longer she would have been cured. And that is probably true."

AN IVORY WAREHOUSE.

It Is One of the Most Interesting Buildings on the Great London Docks.

One of the most interesting warehouses at the London docks is that which contains ivory. Here the ivory is collected for the great sales by auction which take place quarterly, says the Golden Penny. These constitute the largest ivory sales in the world, some 90 tons being sold at each sale, at a rough aggregate of \$500,000. The world's annual consumption of ivory is estimated at something like 2,500,000 pounds, valued at \$4,500,000, and to supply this amount 70,000 elephants must be killed. The consumption in Sheffield alone requires the annual slaughter of 12,000 animals. Africa supplies the greatest bulk of ivory, and it forms one of the principal exports of the Zanzibar merchants. One firm some years ago sent away in one year as many as 6,000 tusks. The supply of ivory is not what it once was, and it seems as if the wild elephant, like the American bison, must eventually be exterminated. The Indian wild elephant has become so scarce of late that India is now obliged to import a considerable quantity of ivory, indeed, the demand for ivory is constantly increasing, and as the supply becomes less and less the price of ivory rises proportionately. A vast amount of fossil ivory is exported from eastern Siberia to various countries, chiefly to the continent, where it is more highly esteemed than in England.

No Cure for Seasickness.

Notice should be taken of the efforts which have from time to time been made by the marine architect to mitigate the miseries of seasickness, writes Clark Russell, in the Pall Mall Gazette. He has doubled his ship, he has slung his ship as in a cradle. To no purpose. The life of the channel steward remains an arduous one. Seasickness is not to be considered by the shipwright. If it was merely the rolling motion that creates nausea, then a hammock or a cot would be as sure a relief as a twin ship or a cradle-hung saloon. Sickness is caused by the several motions of the sea combined, and the worst of these movements the builder cannot possibly deal with—I mean the trough into which the ship falls, and the liquid activity to whose frothing head she leaps.

Queer Flag of Truce.

A Kansas soldier who was present at the capture of Malolos says that the flag of truce displayed by the natives who remained in the town when the American troops advanced was a pair of white trousers.

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The stock of the Consolidated Petroleum Company, now 50 cents per share, will soon be advanced to one dollar per share, its par value. This advance will be stable, because the revenues will justify it and because the company is strong enough to maintain it.

It can never be worth less than fifty cents per share under the Company's permanent policy of gold redemption.

Any corporation that has faith in itself and in its future, and that intends to advance the price of its stock, can well afford to protect its shareholders, for in protecting them it protects itself, for they are the company.

The California Consolidated Petroleum Company owns 10,000 acres of the cream of the oil fields between Oakland and San Diego.

It owns royalties on 5,000 acres leased to capitalists.

It owns 2,500,000 shares of stock in fifty selected companies.

The first to introduce hydraulic rotary drills in California. This machine has a record of 1,200 feet in 30 hours.

We Divide Your Risks, and Multiply Your Profits.

The rich man buys stock in many oil companies to protect himself from loss in any one that may fail.

The poor man buys the stock of one company and takes his chances of success or failure.

California Consolidated Petroleum Company

makes it possible for the poor man to protect himself as does the rich man, for a single share in the California Consolidated Petroleum Company represents an interest in fifty companies and an interest in 10,000 acres of oil land, and royalties on 5,000 acres.

By giving you an interest in fifty companies, and in these lands and royalties we divide your risk and thus we multiply your profits.

California is richer in oil than it ever was in gold. Its annual oil output will soon exceed in value its annual gold product. Millions of dollars are being made in California oil. People owning a small block of oil stock have suddenly found themselves rich. As an instance of this the stock of the Home Oil Company which sold originally at a nominal figure made its owners over \$5,000 per share. An investment in this Company is at least safe, and it may mean ease and comfort for life.

The small stockholder is absolutely protected. He cannot be assessed or frozen out. The Company's stock is non-assessable and there is no stockholder's liability.

Stock is certain to go to \$1 in 90 days and may go to \$5 by January. He is lucky who gets the stock at fifty cents per share.

Why buy the stock of an oil company having limited resource when you can in one company invest in the entire oil field of California? Why do it?

The California Consolidated Petroleum Company has men behind it of capital and high reputation. Their names are not only a guarantee of the honest handling of the money but of the success of the company.

This company is not a trust. It is not connected directly or indirectly with the Standard Oil Com'y, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. The stock of this company can be bought for a short time at fifty cents per share, which is one half of the par value. This offer will be positively withdrawn and stock advanced to \$1.00 per share as soon as the block of Treasury Stock offered for sale has been sold.

Should the limited amount of stock offered at 50 cents per share be sold before receiving your application your money will be promptly returned. "First come, first served," is the Company's policy in selling this stock.

Purchasers may engage stock at once by paying one-fourth of purchase price, 12½ cents per share, and balance within sixty days from date of application. Not less than 10 shares sold. Prospectus and by-laws on application.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

R. E. Blackburn, the President and General Manager of the California Consolidated Petroleum Company, has achieved success in the inauguration and management of large enterprises. He is known as California's "Orchard King."

Hon. Will A. Harris, the Company's Vice-President and Attorney, is a lawyer and orator of national reputation, and is an acknowledged authority on mining laws.

Fred L. Johnson, the Secretary, who, though largely interested in gold mining properties, will devote his time and executive abilities solely to the Company's interests.

Senator S. N. Andrus, Treasurer, is one of Southern California's solid citizens, who, deservedly, holds the confidence of the public. His good impress has been left upon the laws of this commonwealth.

G. W. Luce is the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which responsible position he has held for many years to the satisfaction of that corporation and the public.

P. J. Beveridge, son of ex-Governor Beveridge of Illinois, is one of the most active of Los Angeles capitalists. The electric railway from this city, via Hollywood, to Santa Monica, is the latest monument to his enterprise.

J. M. Hale, one of the leading dry goods merchants of Los Angeles, is one of the four Hale brothers who own dry goods establishments in San Francisco, Sacramento, San Jose, Salinas, Petaluma, Los Angeles and New York.

The directorate's reference: Bradstreets, or any bank in California.

For Prospectus and Further Information Call on Local Agent or Address

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